

Playing

“Is it a rhomboid?” Mercy laughed.

Triangles proving inadequate to describe their ongoing romantic entanglements.

“Your ass is a rhomboid!” Bits snapped.

Then, pulling meditatively on their half-gallon of Ghinny-Red.

For this once-monthly party for two, they acted like men--they felt.

“Likely figure. One ages...could be... Rhomboidally.”

....musing...with dimple...Mercy.

“And, maybe more gracefully?” inquires Bits.

“Can always hope. Been shit up to now!”

“Bottom up!”

“Here goes nothing!” dran Mercy.

“Leave some!”

“I'M not the little Piggy here!”

Mercy seemed so sure.

Both women, thus, sensed
disaster for her.